

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University
Ohio State Engineer

Title: A Legend of St. Patrick : The First Engineer

Issue Date: Apr-1933

Publisher: Ohio State University, College of Engineering

Citation: Ohio State Engineer, vol. 16, no. 5 (April, 1933), 18-20.

URI: <http://hdl.handle.net/1811/35014>

Appears in Collections: [Ohio State Engineer: Volume 16, no. 5 \(April, 1933\)](#)

A Legend of

ST. PATRICK

The First Engineer

TO SET aside all conflicting rumors and reports as to how St. Patrick happened to be called the first engineer, we are here setting forth the actual details which were obtained from a descendant of St. Pat himself, so that it may go down in the annals of history as the true record. In the good old days when the Irish were as great sailors as fighters, they made frequent trips to Scotland not only to subdue that race but to check up on the morals of the far famed Scotch lassies. Under the tutelage of the wily Scots the Irish were soon initiated into the pleasures of the elusive game of golf and were soon able to defeat the Scots in short order at their own game. Not to be outdone, the Scots inquired into the drinking habits of the Irish and were informed that their liquid diet consisted principally of water with milk running a close second. Upon hearing this, the crafty Scots evolved a plan to rid the land of the Irish without bloodshed.

Abou Ben Adam, the chief of the Scotch clans immediately set the plan into action by inviting the invaders to a feast at his castle. The Irish attended in a body, and during the course of the meal consumed vast quantities of food, washing it down with a fiery liquid which the Scots called "whuskey." The brains of the temperate Irish were soon inflamed, and they fell to singing bawdy songs of which they knew many.

The climax was reached when the last son of Erin dropped under the table and turned up his toes. Immediately the Scots loaded the men in ships and returned them to the shore of Ireland, where they left them in their drunken stupor along with a few cases of the amber "whuskey."

When the Irish awoke, they were suffering from an overwhelming thirst and rather than drink the brackish sea water, broke open the cases of "whuskey"—the results were immediate and dynamic. Their sorrows were forgotten in the happiness produced by their drunkenness. Thus they returned to their native villages extolling the virtues of this new-found concoction.

The king hearing of this, set the royal chemist to work in order that he might discover just how this strange beverage was compounded, and it was not long before huge distilleries were in operation producing thousands of gallons of the ambrosial fluid. A wave of drunkenness then swept over the land and men, women and children rolled in the gutters in intoxicated bliss.

Not long after, the news of a plague of snakes in old Ireland reached the ears of St. Patrick who, at the time, was engaged as a hod carrier in the construction of Blarney Castle. During his labors there he had received

notoriety from his design of an Imhoff tank for Baron Blarney, who was gifted with such a tongue that it was necessary to use these tanks to prevent his flow of words and sweet phrases from flooding the countryside. After this excellent piece of work, he was assured of his abilities and decided to take care of the matter of snakes immediately.

To make him more confident of success, he was visited one night with a strange dream in which the walls of his humble cottage became illuminated with the following fiery words: "o oo oof oofa oofah . . . clicky." After considerable meditation, he determined the meaning of those words to be "Drive this plague from Ireland."

With the vision still fresh in his mind, he rose the next morning, and kissing the keystone of the arch above Blarney Castle, he immediately set out for the center of the plague. It was a belief that anyone who kissed the keystone of that famous arch would be gifted with a hypnotic tongue and given the power to charm not only birds and beasts, but the Irish as well. Arriving in Dublin, the first sight that greeted his astonished eyes was a drunken roué staggering down the street shouting at the top of his lungs, "Keep them off, Keep them off." With a great shout of "Holla" St. Pat rushed to his assistance, crying "Keep what off? Keep what off?" To his utter dismay, he replied, "Keep them off, Keep them off . . . THE SNAKES." Upon looking about and being able to see neither hide nor hair of anything that resembled even an earthworm, St. Pat was moved nearly to distraction, and so leaving the man for crazy, he continued his walk around the city. Suddenly, a drunken mob swept by in a panic, apparently trying to ward off the attack of strangely colored serpents which he could not see.

Thoroughly aroused, he called on the headman, Mayor O'Shay, and begged the gentleman to tell him what strange malady had descended on the city. The mayor was as nonpulsed as he, and replied that he had never seen any of the visitations that oppressed the others, but that they undoubtedly existed, since every one else saw them.

He was indeed sorely perplexed as he lay down that night and tried to compose himself in slumber. During his troubled sleep, the fiery words again appeared on the wall: "o oo oof oofa oofah. . . clicky." After considerable study, he interpreted this to mean "Drive out whiskey from Ireland and the snakes will leave." His mission was now clear, and early in the morning, he called the inhabitants of Ireland together for a mass meeting. Relying upon all the versatility of his gifted tongue, he extolled the virtues of prohibition to all the sons and daughters of the auld sod.

He talked for twenty-four hours stopping only for an occasional sip of water. Two thousand men with wheelbarrows were kept in a state of frenzied activity carrying away the flowing oration and Imhoff tanks,—twenty of one million gallons capacity each, were filled to overflowing. In the end, the drops of wisdom from his words fell

(Continued on following page)

For your next printing call

ADAMS 2546



The Universal Printing Co.

**428 South High Street
Columbus, Ohio**

**NEW RATES
For SPRING**

SUITS cleaned and pressed..... 39c

HATS cleaned and blocked... 35c

AT THE

Collegian Shop

16th Avenue and High Streets

**NOW
We're OPEN
Till
MIDNIGHT
Serving
Light Lunches
and Beer**

at

**SAYRE'S
GRILL**

Woodruff and High Sts.

SAINT PAT

(Continued from preceding page)

on fertile soil and a nearly unanimous vote was cast for prohibition, the dissenters all going to America.

The populace aroused by his words, swept down on the distilleries and warehouses and sent them up in flames. Two days after the passing of the law there was not a drop of whiskey to be had in Ireland and four days later, by actual count, the last of the snakes were seen. The people delivered of their suffering, and looking to him as their deliverer gave him the title of St. Patrick.

Upon returning to his peaceful village, he learned that the anti-prohibitionists had stolen the famed Blarney Stone and removed it in their immigration to America, so he hied himself to that distant land and learned that the drunkards had established themselves in a village in Ohio. Arriving at the town, which he learned was called Columbus, he found that the stone was in the possession of a great school of learning. Calling upon the president of the institution, he told his tale and explained the desire to continue his work in the cause of temperance, telling him that in return for his cooperation that he would present the president with the Blarney Stone. After due consideration, he assured St. Pat that the only men who would be qualified to assist him in this undertaking were the engineers.

You have now heard the true story of how St. Pat

drove the snakes out of Ireland and why engineers look to him as the founder of their profession—for it was a very fine worm drive that he perfected.

There are many and varied legends as to how St. Patrick became the patron saint of the engineers. The above is one of the most widely accepted. The information was supplied by the Minnesota Techno-Log.

—The Editor.